

A Voice from the Pacific.

New York Journal of Commerce.—One of our favorite bards left her New England home last year for a resting place in the sunny valleys of the Pacific to convalesce the health of a beloved member of her family. As May went by, not June, came with the hunting memories of the bison on hills and meadow in the fields marked by her maiden feet in the earlier days, she must have felt a strange longing for the familiar face of her old-time treasures. To satay this yearning her friends explored the adjacent mountains in search of flowers like the growth of New Eng. land hills; but the blossoms bore no likeness, it seems, to those she had gathered on the Atlantic coast.

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

She will savor from the hills have filled my room.

With strange magnificence, Amid their bloom.

I am amazed, such high, imperial, such

summits of color these bright blossoms wear.

—P. S. of the West.

How beautiful are their Colossal blue!

The hills are in hair-shaking splendor to view;

—And warm with golden sheen,

The people had their satin splendor up,

And the wild tales in its gilded cup.

Still hides the mountain snow.

—Hills, white, lit dashed with crimson fires,

As daughters of the sun! These purple spires

Are rows of snow in a streak of crimson weft.

—Their spires, like bays, and their ripe petals kept

The skeins of the sky.

And yet, as one extraneous may stand alone,

As some great festival, when all unknowns

A thousand faces glow,

And suddenly, from far, forgotten days

She comes, like a vision, like a dream.

—Beneath the Long, long hills.

She is a gaze upon these haughty flowers

Of the hills—New England flowers.

—Breath back their lost perfume;

For the May-flower with its bough of pink;

A wild aster, like a sun upon the river's brink;

My own wild roses bloom.

—FRANCES L. MACE.

A jeweler's Bazaar.

Mr. Robert Millen was one of the most

honesty. His trade was burglary, but

he was temporarily under a cloud.

To be explicit, he had just

come out of prison, and a prolonged rest

of a week had been given him to affect

his health. It needed rest and good living,

but it unfortunately the companion and

partner of his most recent escape had dis-

appeared with the whole proceeds of his

robbery.

The burglar, who was nearly all his most trusted colleagues

were at the moment, in enforced seclusion;

and those who remained could care less

for the May-flower with its bough of pink;

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companion for a considerable number of seconds. "Would you mind saying that you're here?" asked Mr. Facet, impishly.

"Yes, I have heard what I said, and I mean it." "You may ask a question," asked Millen, after a pause.

"May I ask a question?" asked Millen, after a pause.

"I can guess what it is. You don't understand why I make the proposal," said Mr. Facet, contemptuously.

"I'm returning Millen's card with a smile." "What's that?" inquired Millen.

"Bankruptcy," explained Mr. Facet, shortly.

"Consequently I've no interest in my property, and the old man's claim doesn't belong to me at all. It's lent by the trade—the diamond trade."

"I see," said Millen, with a wink.

"A burglar" on my premises would

be a remedy for Whooping Cough, with which many of our children were afflicted, we used to say," continued Ayers' Cherry Pectoral. "For this affection, we consider this preparation the most efficacious and reliable. It is a specific for Whooping Cough, and the old man's claim doesn't belong to me at all. It's lent by the trade—the diamond trade."

"I see," said Millen, with a smile.

"A burglar" on my premises would

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